

## Select Poetry.

**H. A. SPEAR,**  
Editor and Proprietor.

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your hand, and approach the horse in the field on the windward side, so that he can smell the cumin. The horse will let you come up to him then without any trouble.

Put eight drops of oil of rhodium into a lady's silver thimble. Take the thimble between the thumb and middle finger of your right hand, with the fore-finger stopping the mouth of the thimble.

the thimble, to prevent the oil from running out while you are opening the horse's mouth.

As soon as you have opened the horse's mouth tip the thimble over upon his tongue, and he is your servant. He will follow you like a pet dog.

Ride fearless and promptly, with your knees pressed to the side of the

horse, and your toes turned in and your heels out; then you will always be on the alert for a shy or shier from the horse, and he can never throw you.

Then if you want to teach him to lie down, and stand on his high left side, have a couple of leather straps about six feet long; strapping his left leg with one of them round

his neck; strap the other end of it over his shoulders; hold it in your hand, and when you are ready, tell him to lie down, at the same time, gently, firmly and steadily pulling on the strap, touching him lightly on the knee with a switch. The horse will immediately lie down. Do this a few times, and you can make him

He is now your pupil and your friend. You can teach him anything. Only be kind to him, and gentle. — Love him and he will love you. — Feed him before you do yourself. — Sleep, keep him clean, and at least always give him a good bed, at least a foot deep.

In the winter season, don't let your

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horse stand out a long time in the cold, without shelter or covering; for remember that the horse is an aboriginal native of a warm climate, and in many respects his constitution is as tender as a man's.

**Stick to the Farm.**

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played teen and bad health, more genteel than robust frames, a good appetite, sound sleep and independent circumstances? We think not, and for the same reasons we judge that farming is not beneath any pursuit whatever, in all that makes man virtuous, useful and happy; and it is surely to be regretted that nearly all our young men should prefer a

mercantile life or a profession, to the tilling of the ground at their own quiet homes. Not only is it to be lamented on account of the welfare of the young men themselves, but also in reference to the prosperity of the country, for it is a truth that cannot be contradicted, that the best interests of the inhabitants of any

country, are intimately connected with the prosperous condition of its agriculture.

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**OHIO WOOL.**—The wool clip turns out very large, and bids fair to bring a profitable return to the owner.—From the most reliable information which can be procured from persons who have traveled through the wool-

growing districts of Ohio, the dealers are satisfied that the aggregate clip of this year will exceed that of 1856 by three million of pounds.—A large part, if not all of the wool, has now passed from the farmer to the merchant, and a considerable portion into the hands of the buyers for the New York market and East.

tern manufactories. The prices paid for a great portion of the wool crop range from forty to fifty cents, and in some of the best districts fifty-five and sixty cents have been paid. Besides the increase in the number of fleeces, the shearing occurred a month later this year than last, and the increase of the growth of wool during this

time affords an increase of eight per cent. to the ordinary clip.—*Mt. Vernon Banner.*

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**Tests of Flour.**

The Ohio Farmer published the following modes of observing the quality of flour, as furnished by one old flour dealer. Most of them are already known, we presume, to the

We regret that the ancient trader did not show what particular qualities are indicated by each test, as we have always imagined that more importance is attached to color than is due as an indication of quality:—

“Look at its color; if it is white, smitten, slick the yellowish or straw-

with a slightly yellowish or straw-colored tint, it is a good sign. It is also very black, with a bluish cast, with black specks in it, the flour is not good.

Examine its adhesiveness; wet and knead a little of it between the fingers. It works dry and elastic if it is good; if it works soft and sticky it is poor. Flour made from spring

Throw a little lump of dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface; if it adheres in a lump, the flour has life in it; if it falls like powder, it is bad.

Squeeze of the flour in your hand; if it retains the shape by pressure—that, too, is a good sign.

A recent communication from respectable parties in Philadelphia

**News Matters.**  
**Mob Violence in Kentucky.**

LETTER FROM REV. J. G. FEE.  
BEREA, Madison County, Ky.,  
July 22d, 1857.  
You are aware that not less than

we erected a meeting house in Rockcastle county. As the weather grew more pleasant, the congregation became larger and more attentive. A few weeks since we had a protracted meeting, which resulted in the conversion of some ten persons, who united with the church. Since then, three more have been added. The prospects for a good church there were daily increasing. The slave power, through irresponsible men, sought to arrest its progress by burning our meeting-house. This they did in the dead of night.

At our next regular meeting, June 21st, quite a number of reckless men were at the outskirts of the congregation, evidently intending no good. There was no special violence that day, but we learned the next day that violence had been intended. Yesterday, (Sabbath,) many of those young men, with other like irresponsible, whilst I was preaching in an unoccupied dwelling-house, entered with threats of death, and with hands on their weapons. The leading man drew a repeater, presented it at me,

ordered others to take hold of me. By superior force they dragged me from the house, injuring my clothes, and my person slightly. I resisted, as I usually do, because I wish them to know I do not surrender a single right willingly, because I wish the cases might be as clearly obnoxious to law as possible. I did not attempt to injure any one. I do not at any time carry weapons.—Some had pistols drawn a part of the time. Here they rested until my horse was brought. One excellent sister, whom I shall ever remember for her

My horse having been brought, they resolved to take me out of the county, with demands that I would not again enter it. This, I told them plainly and repeatedly, I would not promise, that I was now in their hands, controlled by superior force, but the surrender of a right or duty I should not for a moment promise. They then marched me some seven or eight miles, amid jeers, taunts, and low vulgarity, to the town of Crab Orchard, in an adjoining county.

Brothers McLain and Richardson, who came from their labors in Pulaski Co. the evening previous, and were at the meeting, resolved to go with me and witness my fate. Some of the mob threatened them with cowardling, imprisonment, and death. Part of the time they walked, and part of the time rode behind the mob, sharing their taunts and verbal abuse. Had all the rest of the friends, male and female, resolved to share my fate, as these did, I think the mob would have been much embarrassed. But I have been

As we marched along the road, slaves looked on with mingled expressions of amazement and sorrow, masters with laughs and jeers. One impatient man, with some nobleness of conscience, showed me an cat of kindness which much affected my heart. Another man, who has been, and I believe now is a professing Christian, offered me a cup of water. This I told him I should take

On Christ's name, he answered, "Yes," and said to the crowd, "I believe he is a good man, but deluded." Afterwards he advised that I be taken out of the county on the underground railroad, to Crab Orchard.

Our protracted march gave me opportunities to extend conversations with several of the mob about their treatment of myself and of the slave, and concerning their souls' salvation. It also gave me an opportunity to ask myself, Can you not only feel sympathy for the poor slave, who is often much more

brutally dragged, cuffed, and abused than I am; but can you now "love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you?" I felt that I did this, and told the leading man so.

When we arrived at the town of Crab Orchard, the people gave the mob no cheering reception—the whole thing out. We bade them good afternoon, and came to the house of friend, three miles distant, where we obtained some refreshment, and spent the night. Ya-

morrow, Mr. McLain and myself expect to pass through the neighborhood of our meeting yesterday to appointments in Pulaski County. Pray for us that we may be wise and faithful. God will make this wrath of men to praise Him. This I hope will wake up the righteous indignation of good men, as border ruffianism in Kansas did.

A few Christian families from the free states settling here, would soon put things on a right basis. Must we despair of immigration, because there is not the prospect for a few years?

On Monday, when we returned to the house, we found a large company of us, supposing from the last information that we were yet in the hands of the mob. The excitement is great in this part of Rockcastle County. The better part of the community, even slaveholders, condemn the conduct of the mob.

**LAFAYETTE'S BIRTHDAY.**—THE 6th of September will be the one hundred and sixtieth anniversary of the birthday of Lafayette. The Boston Post

gists that the day should be celebrated in some special manner by the people of this country.